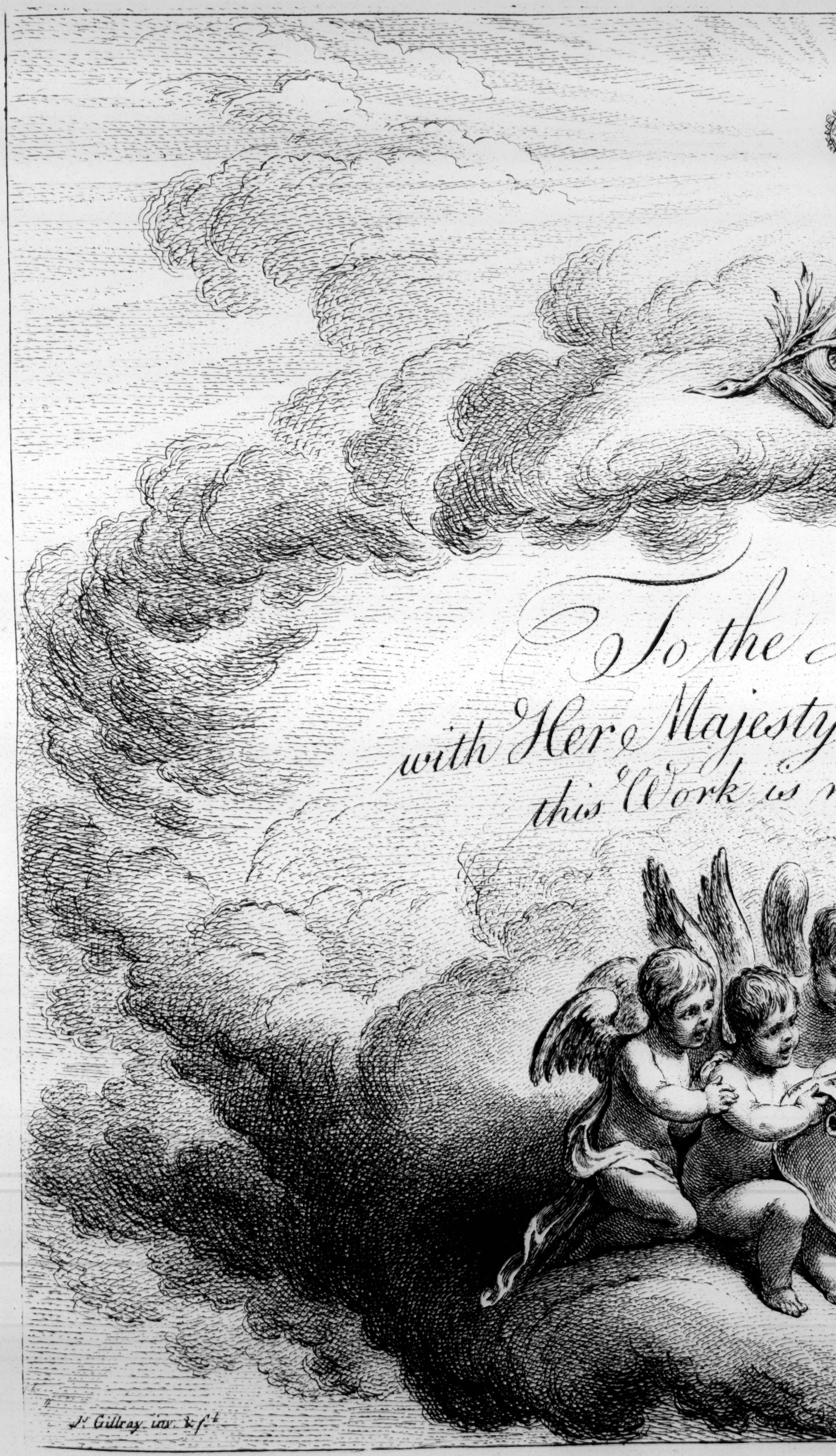
To the
with Her Majesty
this Work is
J.s Gillray. inv. & fec.t

each song Printed by Ea Composer

Queen,

y's most Gracious Permission

respectfully inscribed by

Her Majesty's

most faithful, obedient

and humble servant

Harriett Abrams

Park Lane

1803

IN

Titles

NANINE, or the Emigrant - - - - - - - -

The Eolian Harp - - - - - - - - - - -

The Emigrants Grave - - - - - - - - - -

The Gamester - - - - - - - - - - - -

The Felon - - - - - - - - - - - -

The Goaler - - - - - - - - - - -

HOPE - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Address to Death - - - - - - - - - -

WILLIAM and SUSAN - - - - - - - - - -

Love out of Place - - - - - - - - - -

The Farewell - - - - - - - - - - -

A Ballad of the Eighteenth Century - - - - - -

Printed for the Author by LAVENU and

the PRINCE of WALES, at their New M

Where

All the former Co

and a great v

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On the waves the wind was Sleeping	2
Come thou sweet Eolian Lyre	8
Why mourn ye	14
Dark was the Night	20
Oh mark his wan and hollow Cheeks	26
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I heard a Voice at dead of Night	42
Come welcome Death	48
When forced to quit his Native Land	56
I'm a Boy of all Work	60
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'Twas at the time	72

---

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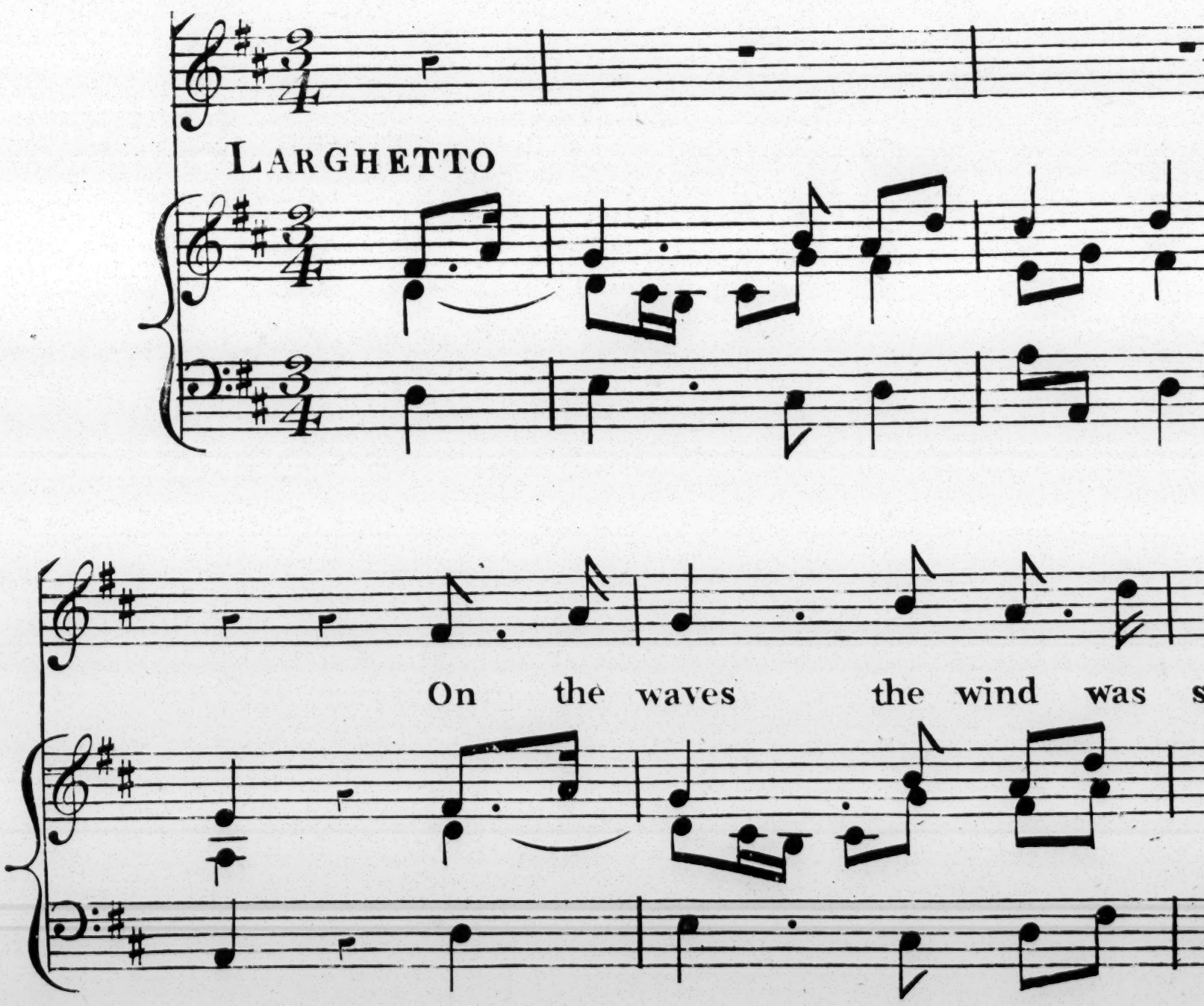
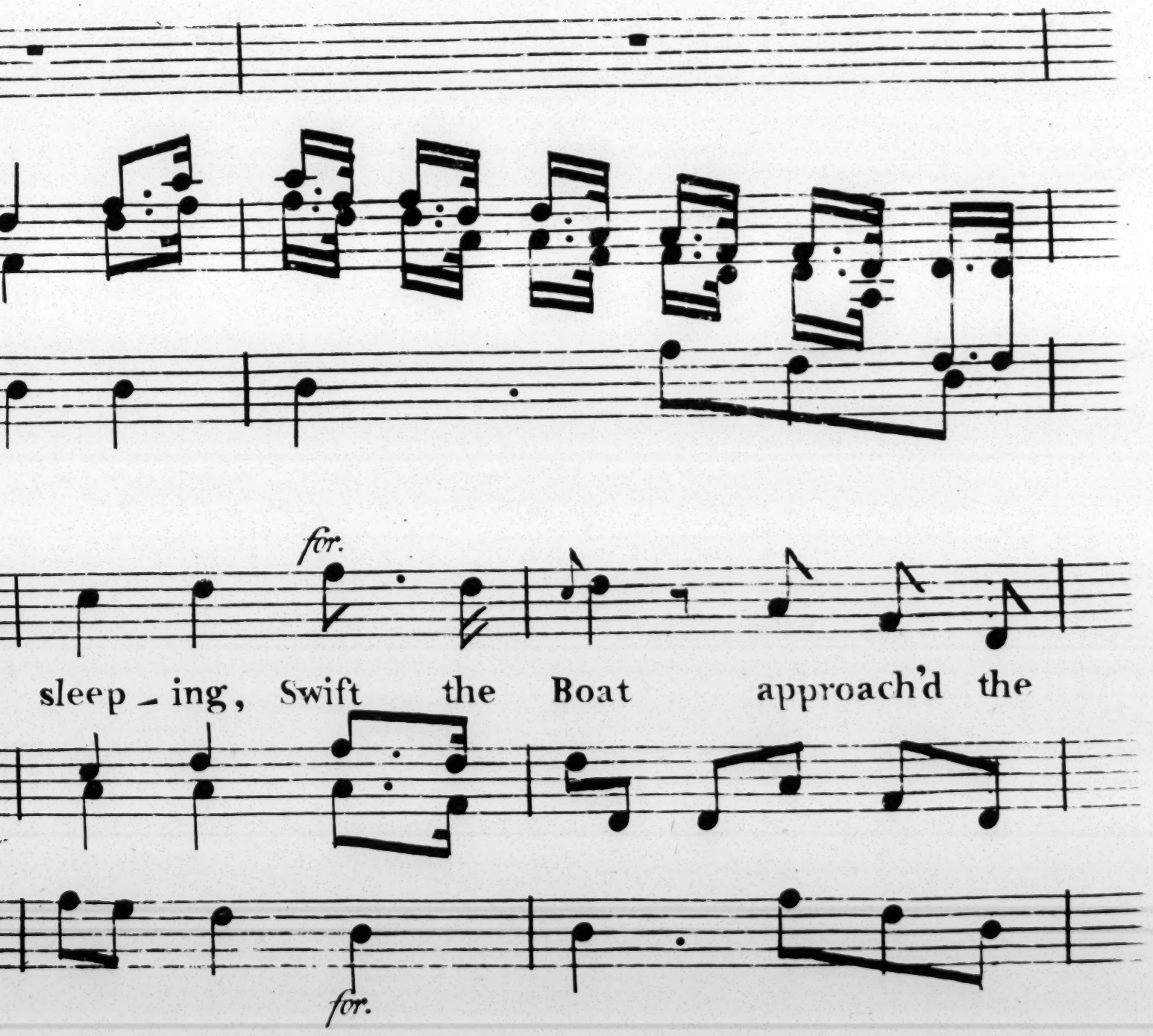
2

O Nanine, or the

Words by M. G. L

Harriett Abrams

Emigrant 299

. Lewis Esq.r

pia.

Land, there a love_ly Maid sat weepin

pia.

once the Boatman's dit_ty, gently dipp'd

3 3

pity, pry'_thee Sweetheart, pry'_thee Sweethe

ing who can female tears with_stand? hushed at

his si_lent oar, While he said in sounds of

3

heart, pry'_thee Sweetheart, weep no more.

for.

Then on land he sprang so lightly, while with min

for.

brightly beamed her blue Eyes through her tears, Left ex

Shore. ah! She said you vainly Stranger Kindly tell

pia.

ingled hopes and fears, raised the Maid her head and

pia.

exposd to want and danger friendless on a fo-reign

3 3

me kindly tell me kindly tell me weep no more.

Far from home an Exile roving where shal

loving now what heart shall feel for me? Po

sore; Poor NANINE thy tears are burning die, N

all now my shelter be? lost each friend so lov'd, so

for. pia.

Poor NANINE thy brain is turning Poor NANINE, thy heart is

3 3

NANINE die, NANINE die, NANINE and weep no more.

for.

Mark he cried yon distant Ci - - ty, there my shel - - ter

for.

for.

pity there's an heart which feels for thee, all my wealth I

pia.

3

ore: 'tis an heart warm, honest tender, take it sweet t

thine shall be. Mark my bo - - - som swelled by

fria

I here surrender; 'tis not gems, nor shin - - ing

take it sweet take it sweet and weep no more.

Gently tow'rds his Boat he led her, soon it

fed her there he gain'd her heart and hand. St

o'er does he bless the hour he told her pry'th

touched his native strand. there his la - bour cloath'd and

3

Still with Love his eyes behold her, still though many a year is

thee sweetheart, pry'thee sweetheart, pry'thee sweetheart, weep no more.

The Col

Words by J. A

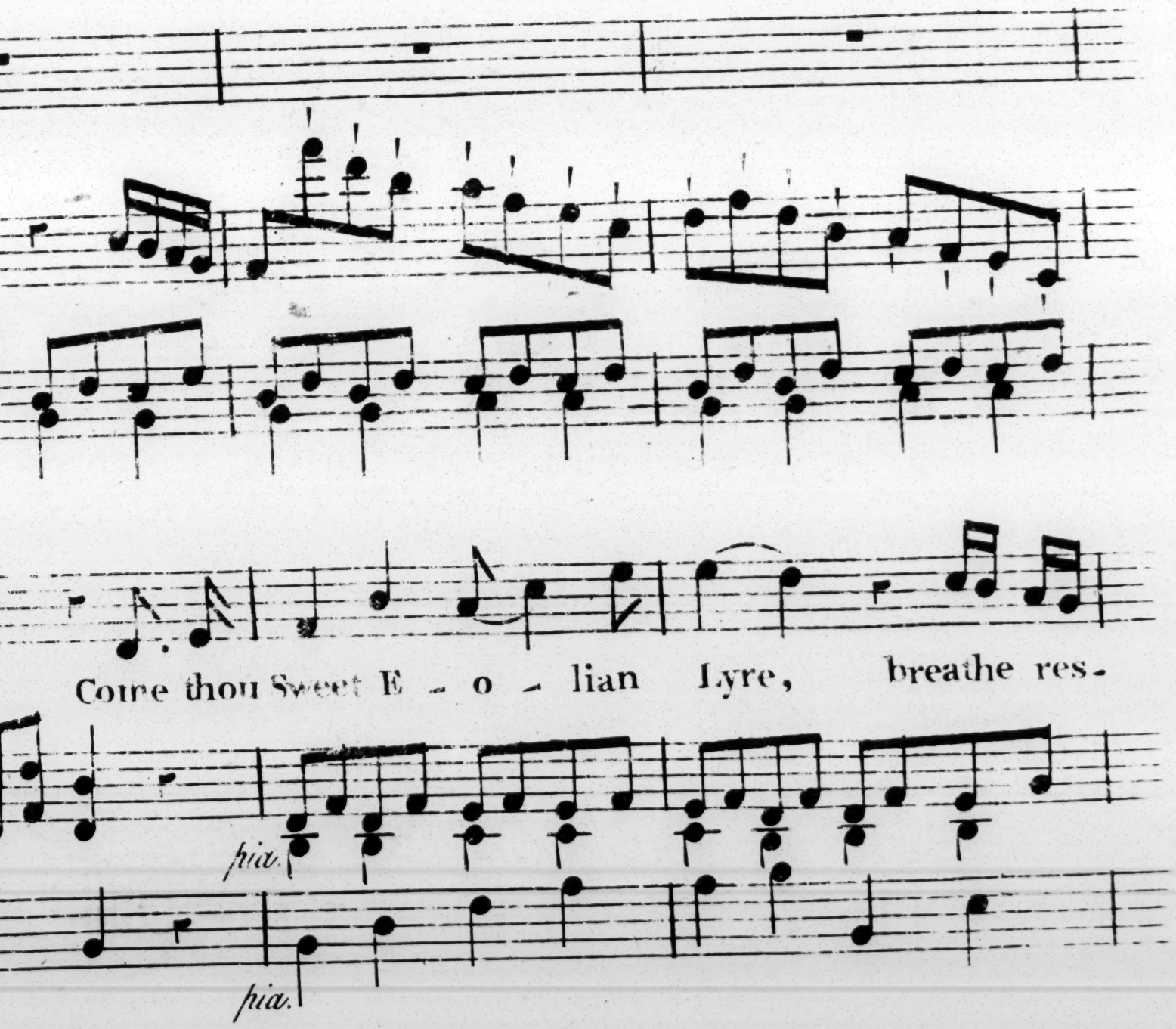
Allegro

Moderato

for. for. for. for.

Henrietta Abrams

Æolian Harp

"Atkinson Esq"

pon - sive to my song - - - love shall wake the

throng - - -

vo - - cal quire. round thy tune - ful chords to

round thy

Fann'd by

Zephyrs pan - ting gale, Let thy music

pia.

pia.

hail

Magic spi - rit hail! with thy num

ic float a_ _round_ I thy Magic spi_rit

_ _ _with thy num_ _bers to resound. I thy

mbers to re_sound with thy numbers to re_

_sound.

for.

for.

Me - lan - cho - ly string - - - every harsh an

sing - - - - - - - - - - -

No dis cordance shall de _ form thy soft

pia.

pia.

and ruf _ _ fling storm sweeps a _ way thy powers to

sweeps a - way thy powers

Thus my Muse de - lights

pia.

pia.

- vey - as thy notes me - lo - diou

to sing.

for.

for.

to tell. all thy Heav'nly strains con -

ous swell

or in mur - - mers die a

swell or in murmers die a

- way .

for.

for.

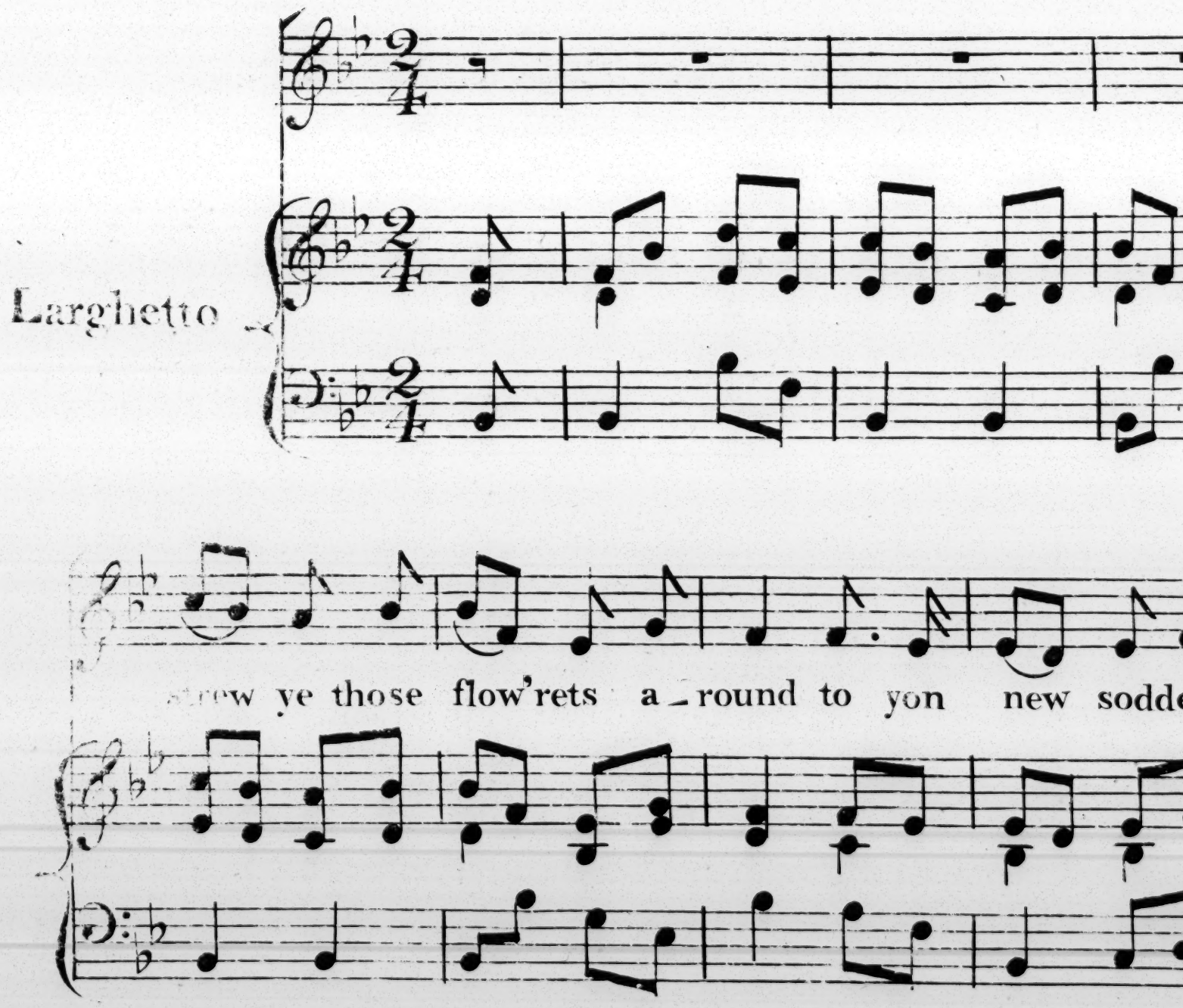
a - - way ´ as thy notes me - - lo - - dious

a - - way or in murmers die a - -

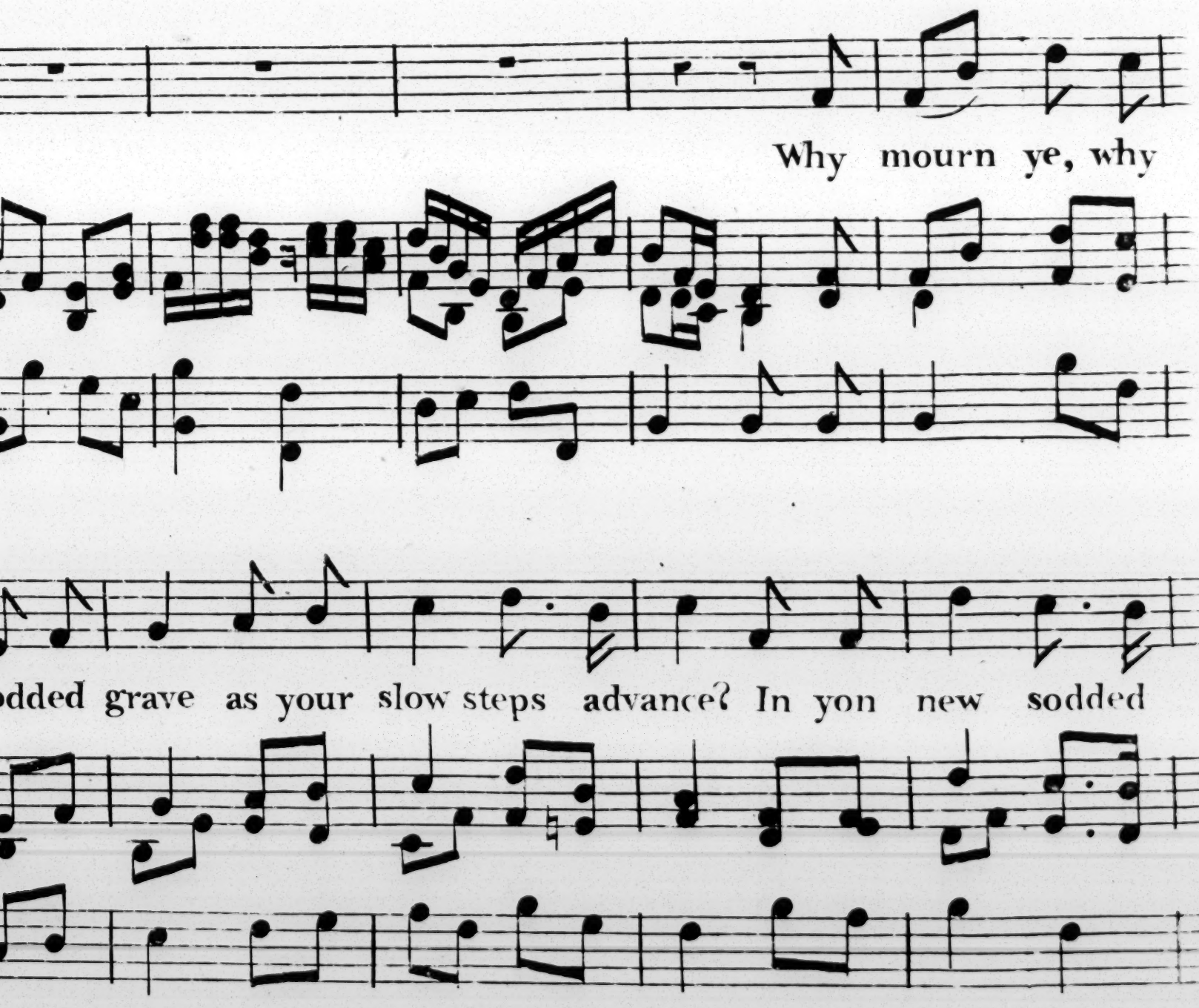
1 f

The Emigr

Words by W. S

Larghetto

rants Grave

Henriott Hearn

T. Spencer, Esq.r

grave, ever dear be the ground! lies the Stranger

Exile at rest from his woe, No lon-ger

mourners My tears too shall flow. For the S

we lov'd the poor Ex_ile of France. and is the poor

the sport of mis_for_tune and chance! Mourn on, Village

Stran_ger ye Lov'd, the poor Ex_ile of France.

Oh! kind was his na_ture though bitter his fate, and

com_fort, no hope his own breast cou'd e_late, though

joy_less himself, in the joys of the plain, stil

nd gay was his Converse though bro_ken his heart, no

ugh comfort and hope he to all cou'd impart. Ever

still foremost was He mirth and pleasure to raise, how

sad was his Soul, yet how blithe was his strain whe

pleasure he knew in his Straw cover'd shed, Fo

tear of de_light he cou'd drop on the bread whi

hen he sung me the song of more for-tu-nate days! One

or the Snow beaten Beggar his faggot to trim, One

ich he shar'd with the Poor, the still poorer then him! And

when round his death bed pro_fuse_ly we cast ev'_r

blest us with sighs which we thought were his Last, but

Ex_ile a_dieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep! from

ry gift, ev'ry so-lace our Hamlet cou'd bring, He

he still had a pray'r for his Country and King! Poor

n the feast, from the Wake from the Vil-lage green dance, How

oft shall we wander at Moonlight to wee

Church bid - den Bride shall thy mem'ry im - pa

flow'r from her garland, one tear from her hea

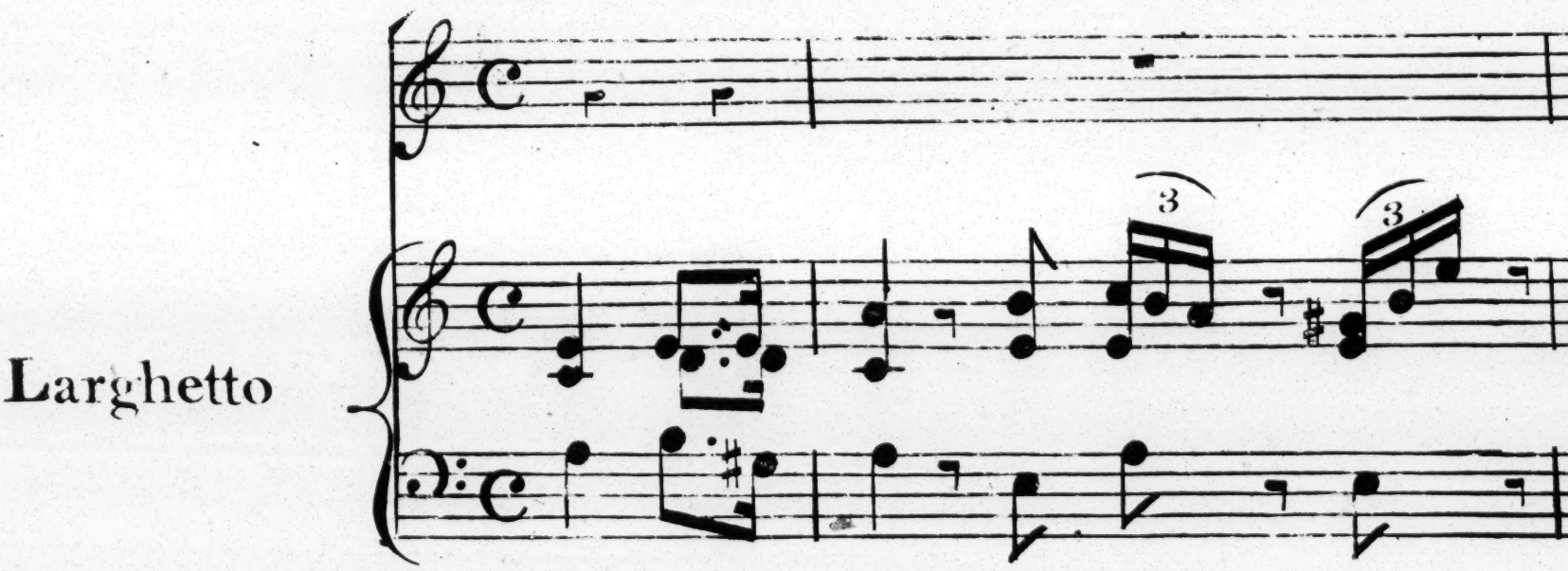
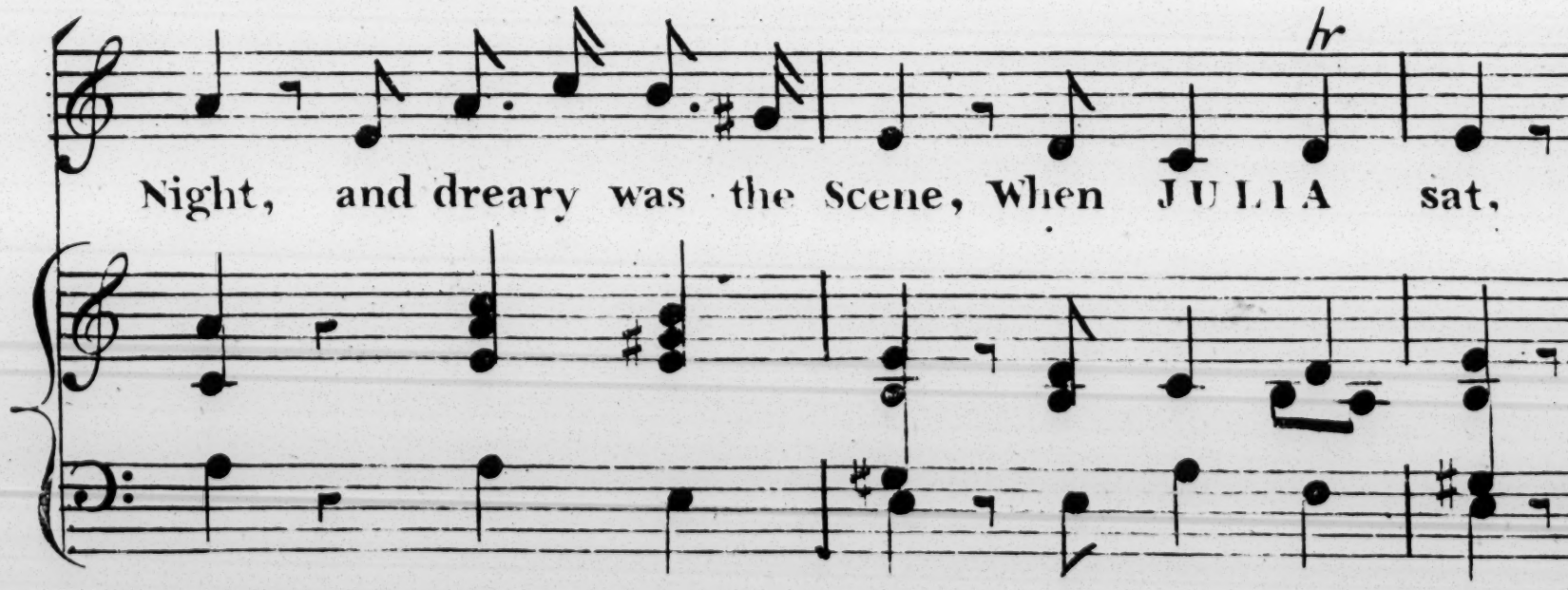
ep O'er the Stranger we lov'd the poor Ex - ile of France! to the

art one pang, as her Eyes on thy cold re - lics glance one

art shall drop on the grave of the Ex - ile of France.

The Gam

Words by M.P. A

Larghetto



19

Music — *Harriett Adams*

Andrews Esq.r

Dark was the

to count the lonely hours; Hours that with

for.

HENRY happy might have been, but HENRY's Love f

Wife, his Children too were dear, dear - er

fine.

Mate, no partner but a tear anxious - ly

for play subdued subdued loves pow'rs; dear was his

the die, by which he was un - done; his ten - der

ex - pec - ted him. the Clock struck one.

pia.

In Life's bright Morn, when all a_ro

pia.

smil'd and sor_row was un

_sent, he led his Bride a

. round was gay when plea - - sure

for.

un - known; with glad con - -

for.

a - way; that match - - less Bride, whose

heart whose heart was all his

now her care implored, a droop - ing

leave an ob - - ject so a - - dor

pia.

own; A beau_ _teous offspring

g Husband wanted comfort too; how could he

ored, to watch to watch the te_ _dious Night

fcr.

fcr.

for.

the Clock struck two; Loud blew

hr

fell, vain - - - ly to

strove, hark! steps ad - vance they

lew the wind and fast the tor - - rent

to calm dis - - qui - - e - tude she

they sound the portal Bell! She ran, She flew, she

hr pia.

flew, to welcome home her Love, awhile his pr

for. hr

sigh'd then star_ted from the door

_port. A Pis_tol closed the scene.

for. mo fo

presence chear'd a_ _las, how short he paused he

she fol_low'd but to hear the dread re_

e. the Clock struck four.

for.

The

Words by M. G.

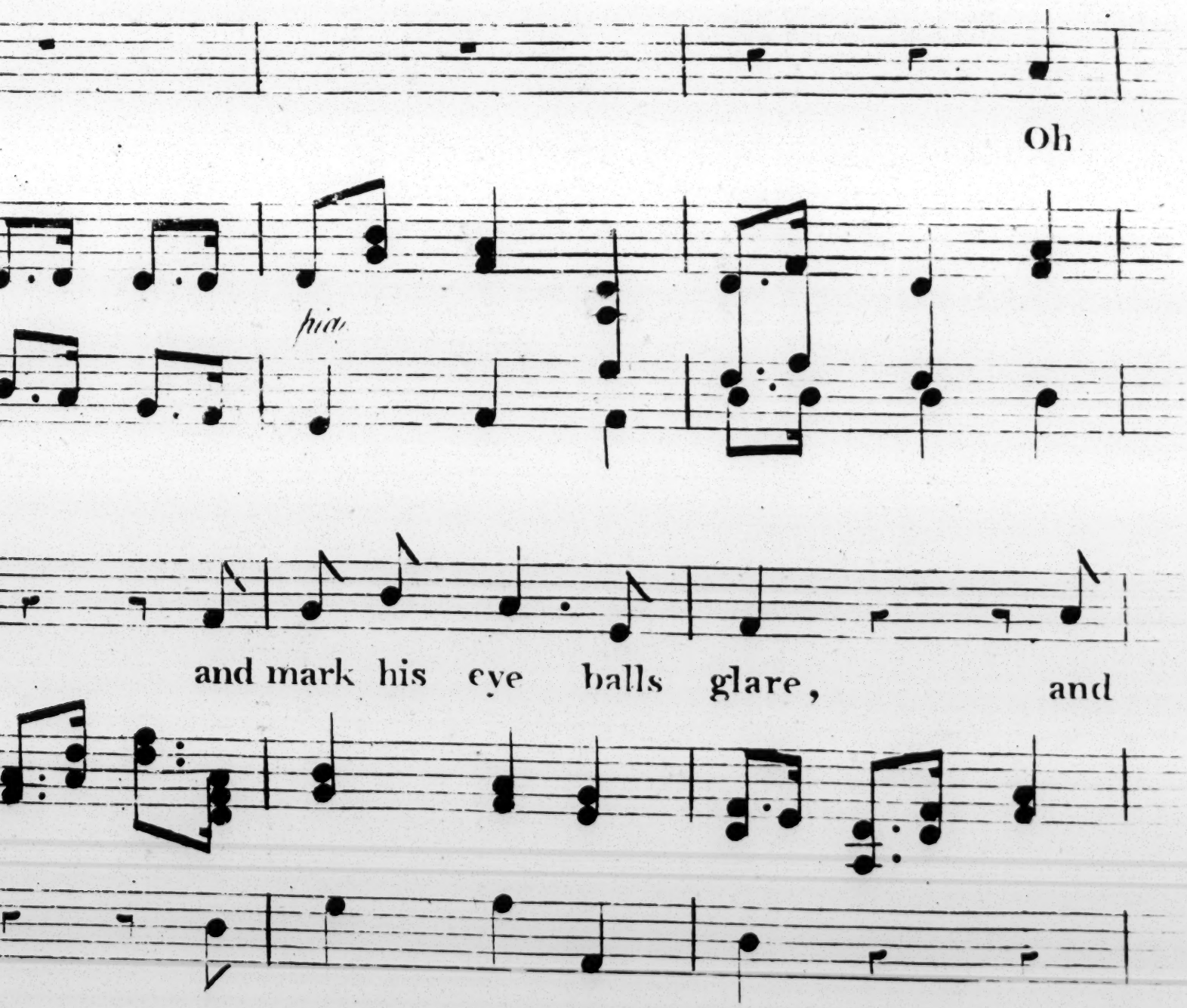
Andante

for.

mark his wan and hol - - low cheeks.

Felon

Harriett Abrams

G. Lewis. Esq.r

mark his teeth in anguish clinch'd, the a

pia.

pia.

days, his penance o'er, yon Fe -

days no food has past those lips -

for.

anguish of - - - des - pair. Know, since three

for.

pia.

- lon left a Jail, And since three

for.

- - so parch'd and pale, Where shall I

turn? the wretch exclaims, where hide my shame

pia.

_trive to earn an ho_nest bread? this branded

for. *hr*

pray. Who views this mark a Fe_lon cries and loa

ne - - - ful head how fly from scorn, or how con-

d hand, would gladly toil but when for work I

pia.

loathing turns a - way. My heart has great - - ly

pia.

Erred but now would fain re_turn to good!

ne'er been stain_ed with blood, for alms or

_ny I starve I starve then what remains?

! My hand has deeply sinned, but yet has

r work in vain I ~~try~~ sue the Scorners both de-

? this choice to sin, or die. here Vir-tue

spurns me with dis_dain, there pleasur

drags me back to vice and urged b

gnaws my heart to fly from shame in

asure spreads her snare strong ha_bit

hia.

l by fierce des_pair I strive while hun_ger

for.

in vain, World, 'tis thy cru_el will! I

yield and plunge in guilt a - - gain

Mortal eyes e'er draw! there's Mercy in

draw! there's mercy both for Bird and Beast

fia.

. There's Mercy in each ray of light, that

fia.

each breath of air, that mortal lips - - e'er

st in God's in - dul - gent plan there's mercy

for each creep_ing thing but Ma

honest when you heard,

groan had generous hand or feel_in

317

Man - - has none for Man. ye proudly

my wounded con - - - science

ing heart one glimpse of Mer - - - cy

shown that act had mad

tears of Vir - - tue roll

faith, and Heaven had gained a

ade from burn_ing Eyes sweet

for. hr

had fix'd my heart, as_sured my

a Soul.

The G

Words by M. G.

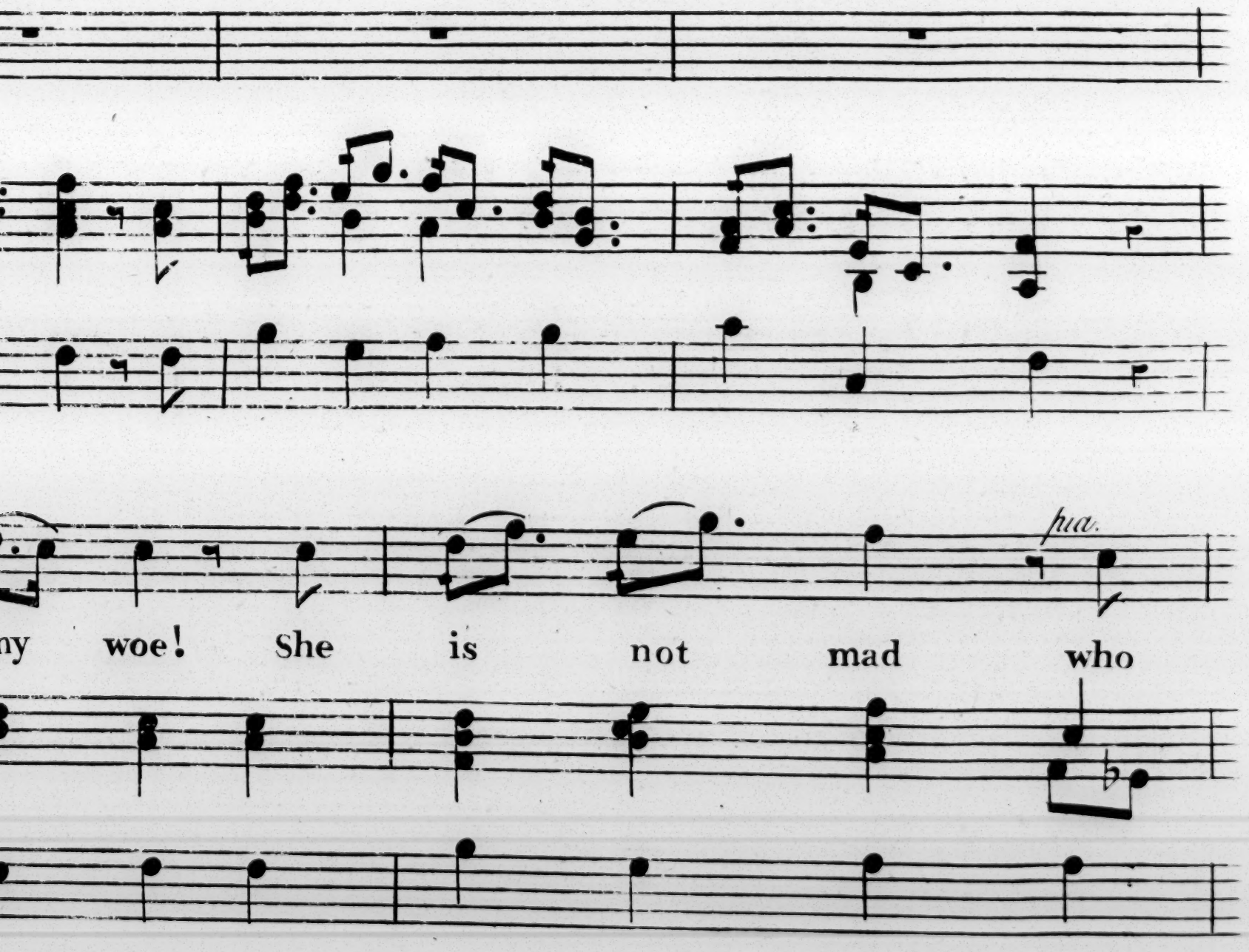
LARGO

ANDANTE

for

Stay Goaler stay and hear my

Goaler. Harriett Abrams

G. Lewis. Esq.r

kneels to thee, For what I'm now too well

for.

be. I'll rave no more in proud de

for.

sad; But yet I'll firm - ly tru - - ly swear

well I know and what I was and what should

pia.mo

des_ _pair, My language shall be calm though

ear I am not mad I am not mad.

for.

A Tyrant Husband forged the Tale, wh

fate unknown my friends bewail, oh Goaler

hast my Fathers heart to chear

which chains me in this dis _ _ mal cell: My

hr *for.*

haste that fate to tell! oh! haste oh!

pia.

his heart ah once twill grieve and

for.

glad to know though kept a Captive here

He smiles in Scorn, and turns

knelt in vain, his glimmering lamp

for.mo

I am not mad! not mad! not mad.

pia.

the key, he quits the grate! I

mp still still I see 'tis lost, and all is gloom a - gain,

Cold bitter cold no warmth no light

for.

had yet here I'm chained this frezing night,

sure some dream some fan - - cy

Life all thy comforts once I

, although not mad! no! no! not mad. 'Tis

y vain, what I the Child of

rank and wealth am I the wretch w

health, oh while I dwell on bless_ _i

glad, how sinks my heart! how burns my head:

who clank this chain, bereft of freedom friends and

_ings fled, which ne _ ver more mine hours must

for.

but 'tis not mad! no 'tis not mad.

fia.

Hast thou my Child for_got by this a

ne'er forget your parting kiss, nor round her neck how fa

how that suit your sire forbad, nor how I'll drive

piu presto

Mo - thers face, a Mo - - thers tongue? She'll

hr *for.*

fast you clung: nor how you sued with her to stay, nor

a tempo *for.*

e such thoughts away! They'll make me mad! They'll make me mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries! his chain s

glaring Eyes, now now My Dungeon bars he shakes, Help! He

hear, such sights to see, my brain! my brain! I know, I

hr

some furious Madman breaks, he comes I see his

fria.mo

help! he's gone! oh! fearful woe such screams to

fur.

know, I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Hop

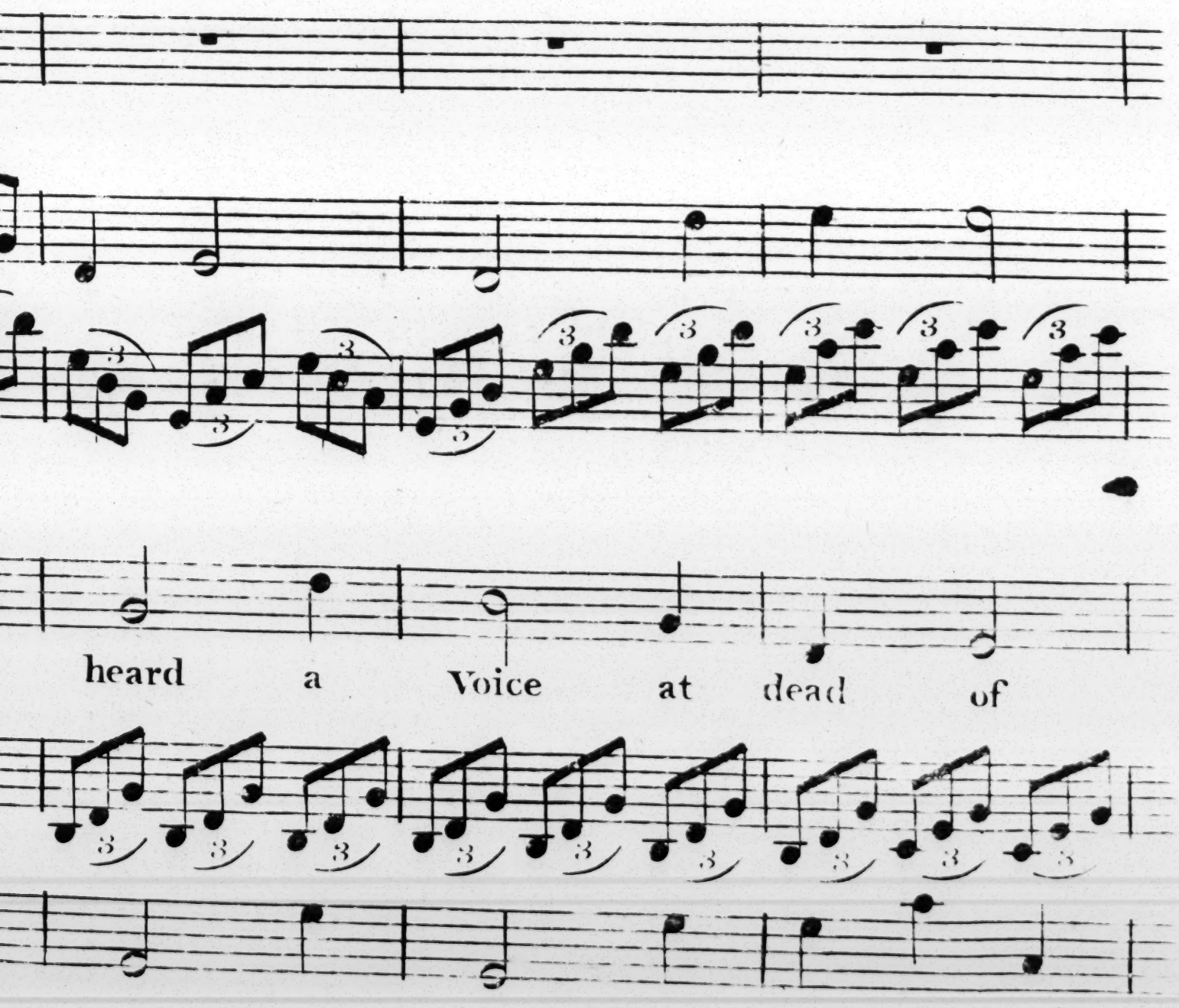
Words by Mr.s

Andante

Moderato

I

nc, *Harriett Adams*

[illegible]s Hunter.

night . Rise soft - ly on th

- - light, The E - cho

42 /

Cres:

the swell - - ing blast - - - - - - - - -

It fill'd my Soul with sad de -

The Echo The E - cho

for. *hr.*

of the past.

for.

pia.

It seem'd to

hr

The days of fond af - - fec - - - tion

Say "O ne'er for - - - get .

Cres:

n flown, - - - - - - - - - -

"If WILLI

- lieve Be - lieve

fia.

IAM be re - - mem - - ber'd yet Be -

for. hr

Be - lieve his heart thy own .

for.

for.

"Be - - lieve the glo - - ries of

of the fro - - - zen Sea

for.

Nor ti

the East, The dan - gers

Cres:

time nor distance. have ef -

pia.

fac'd The Love

pia.

tr

Love he felt for th

The Love The

thee .

Addreſs to

Words by Rev^d W

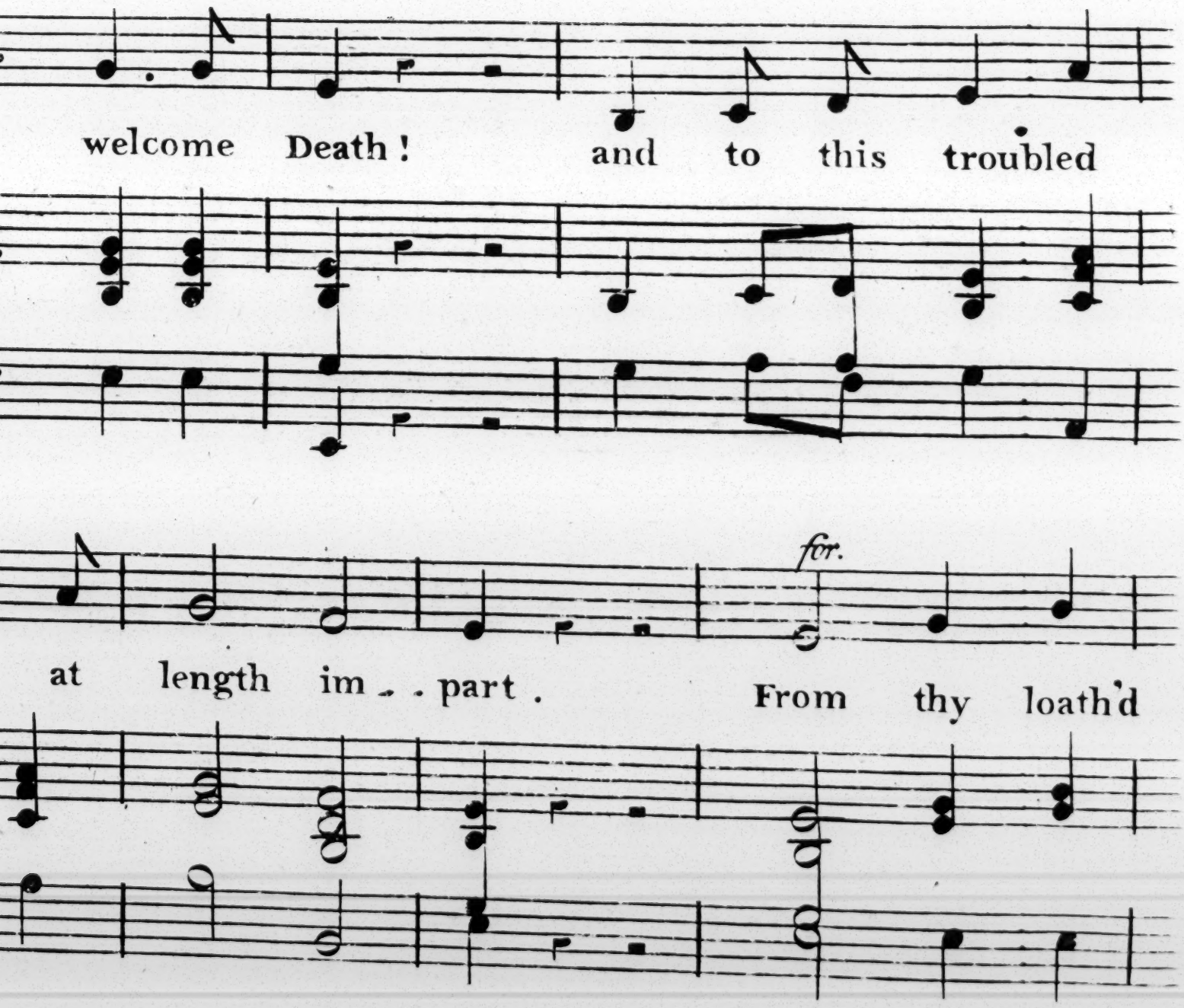
Largo

Come

heart, thy calm ob - li - - vions peace

to Death.

Harriett Adams

W. Cockburne.

pia.

presence startled nature flies; Yet

for.

Re - - li - -gion decks thee in a

hr

paints thee love - - ly to the sight

art thou grateful to my care worn Eyes;

fia.

a robe so bright . and sor_ _row

; - - - - - - Come then in pi_ _ty ;

Grant grant thy sad re - - lief to one whom life

MAESTOSO

for. *fu*

for. *hr*

See where with wreaths of lau - - rel crown

o'erwhelms with a - - go - - nizing grief.

ia.

n'd Bri - tan - nia rules on A - - fric

pia.

Ground, Still on her cheeks some tear

for.

pearl'd with rain, by thee fell de

fcr.

Arms . for e . . ver torn

ears re - - - main, Like blushing ro - - ses

death! her fav' - rite son was from her

fer.mo *hr*

al - - tho' the field was no - - bly won.

pia.

the Vic - - tors had - most cause to mourn ,

for.

Mark where the fair Ma - - til - - - da stands

pia.

how weep those Eyes of heav'nly blue

nds and madly clasps her li - - ly hands.

ıe like Violets dropp - ing morn - - ing

pia.

the Vic - - tors had - most cause to mourn.

for.

Mark where the fair Ma - - til - - - da stand

pia.

how weep those Eyes of heav'nly blue

nds and madly clasps her li - - ly hands.

ue like Violets dropp - ing morn - - ing

fcr.

dew: by thee re - - morse - - less

fcr.

of the fair. thy spear has

bo - - - som with des - - pair.

as thou art is caus'd the anguish

pierc'd her HENRY's heart and fraught her

for.

Cease ty_rant cease, thus envious to des

LARGO

p. *fia.*

Vic_ _tors joy; in kindness ra

fia.

on one who on_ _ly Sup_pli_cates

es _ _ troy . The Lover's transports and the

for.

ra _ther turn thine haggard Eye .

hr

es to die; No tears sweet in _ _ _ cense

shall be dew my tomb, My woes

strike then in mer - cy bid

friend of her who has no o -

(54)

hr

s un - - pi - - tied, and un - mourn'd my doom - - -

d my sor - rows end - and be the

- - ther friend.

William

The Words by M

ANDANTE

Native land, Young WILLIAM bade farew

5)

Susan

M. G. Lewis, Esq.r

When forced to quit his

well As SUSAN fond - ly wrung his hand,

pia.

her tears her tears in torrents fell, and soft she s

br

fear be_ _set, oh would we were not now to

ne'er had met. Dame Fortune smiled on WILLI

sighed, her anxious heart with many a fear a

part, or that we ne'er or that we ne'er we

IAM's pains, and blest and blest his grow- ing store,

now gone three Years his ho_ nest gains, to Su

WILLIAM's heart, can e'er its vows its vows for_ _ge

once more once more since we have met, once more since

USAN's feet he bore, "Nor think, he said", that

get, dismiss your fears no more well part,

ce we have met". Ah! ere the Honey Moon was flown

They cursed the Married life! a very

very Wife, *for.* She said that he was false at

and both exclaimed next week we'll part, I wish

Husband Will was grown, and Sue a ve - ry

heart" He called her light co - - quette

we ne'er, I wish we ne'er, we ne'er had met.

Love out

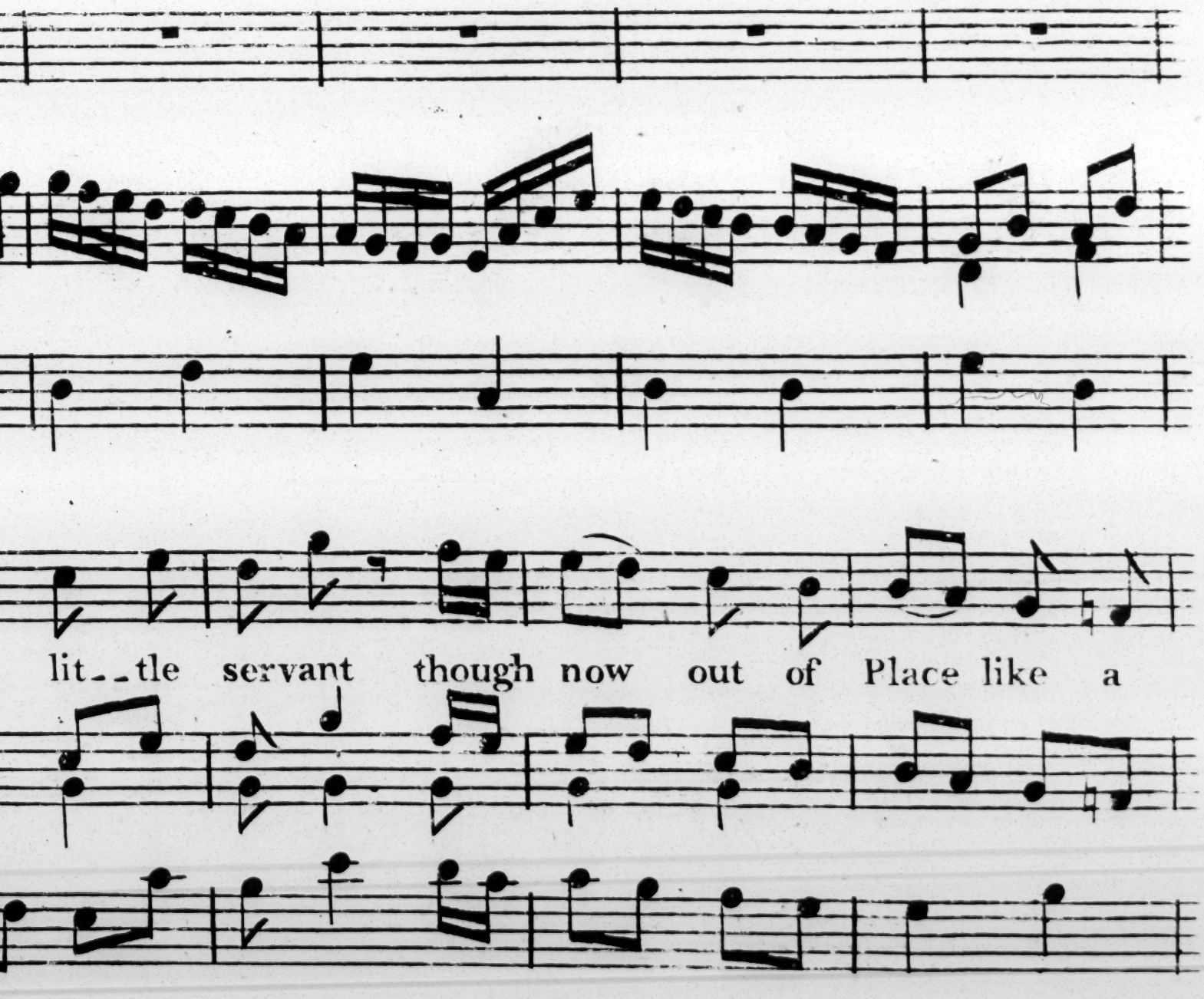
Words by W. Sp

ALLEGRETTO

I'm a Boy of all work a compleat

59

# of Place. Harriett Abrams

pencer Esq.r

beg--gar I rove, though in wait--ing so

hr *pia.*

think it' has turn'd away Love, the heart

:tends to require growing old-er and older,

handy, in du-ty so fervent, the heart could you

hr for.

rt could you think it' has turn'd away Love. He pre=

r, a Nurse more ex-pert his chill fits to remove, But

sure ev'ry heart will grow cold_ _er a

fires are not lighted and fu_ _ _eld by

pu_ _ _ri_ _tan brother, in Journies a

nd cold_ _er, whose fires are not lighted, whose

Love ! He fancies that friendship, My

and Vi_ _ sits more use_ _full will prove but the

heart will soon find when it calls on a- - no

Love that no heart is at home to a he

featured sus- - picion, will falshood a

nother that no heart is at home to a heart without

heart without Love, he thinks his new porter, stern

and pain from his Man - - sion re - - prove, but

pleasure and truth will ne'er ask for ad-

doors of the heart be not o - - - pen'd

late he will own at his fol - - ly c

631

d_ _ mission, If the doors of the heart, If the

'd by Love. Too

con_ _ founded my skill at a feast ev'_ _ ry

praise was a- - - bove for the

= rounded must starve at a banquet

banquet un- - - sea- - - - - son'd by

(64)

heart though with sweets in pro- - fu- - sion sur-

un- -season'd by Love, Must starve at a

Love! The heart too will feel all its

in - - - fluence faulter by me, by

charge of his household his na - - ture

heart is no heart which can turn -

y me on_ _ly that in_ _fluence throve with the

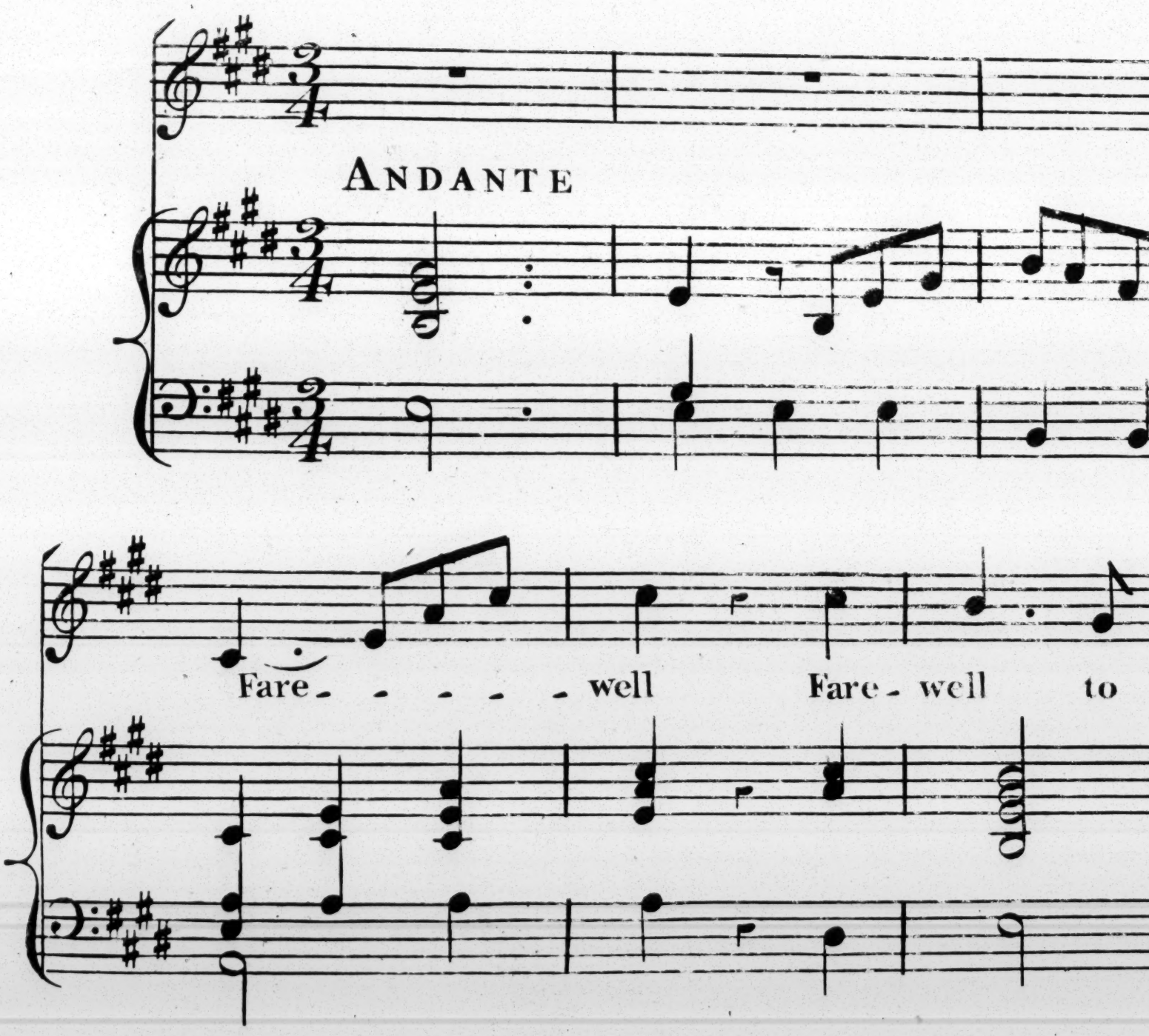
pia.

will al_ _ter, for that heart is no heart, for that

hr

a _ way Love !

The Fa

Words by the late Vis

66

67

Farewell Harriet Abrams

scount Palmerston

ad lib:

fr

Fare - - - - well

my Bosoms de- -light Fare - - - well

a tempo

farewell to my Bosoms de- - -light - - -

from the scenes where I lived in thy s

part, stern des- - ti- - ny do

671

- farewell the fond wish of my heart

fir.

sight - - - - - stern des- - ti - - ny dooms me to

dooms me to part, As o'er the wide

o_ _cean I rove _ _ _ _ _ in sear

=pa_ _nion is Love, But hope stays be_ _hin

hope stays behind on the strand..

arch of a far dis- -tant land My faithful Com=

hr

nd on the strand, - - - - - - - - But

for.

On the wave beaten rocks of a coast,- -

pia.

My sighs will henceforward be

for

thee, for they can_ _not be

that frowns o'er a de-so-late sea,

lost, - - - - - For they can-not be waft-ed to

a

pia

e waft-ed to thee, Yet do not too

ten - der - ly grieve - - - - nor my

sor - rows re - leive - ah trust me! they s

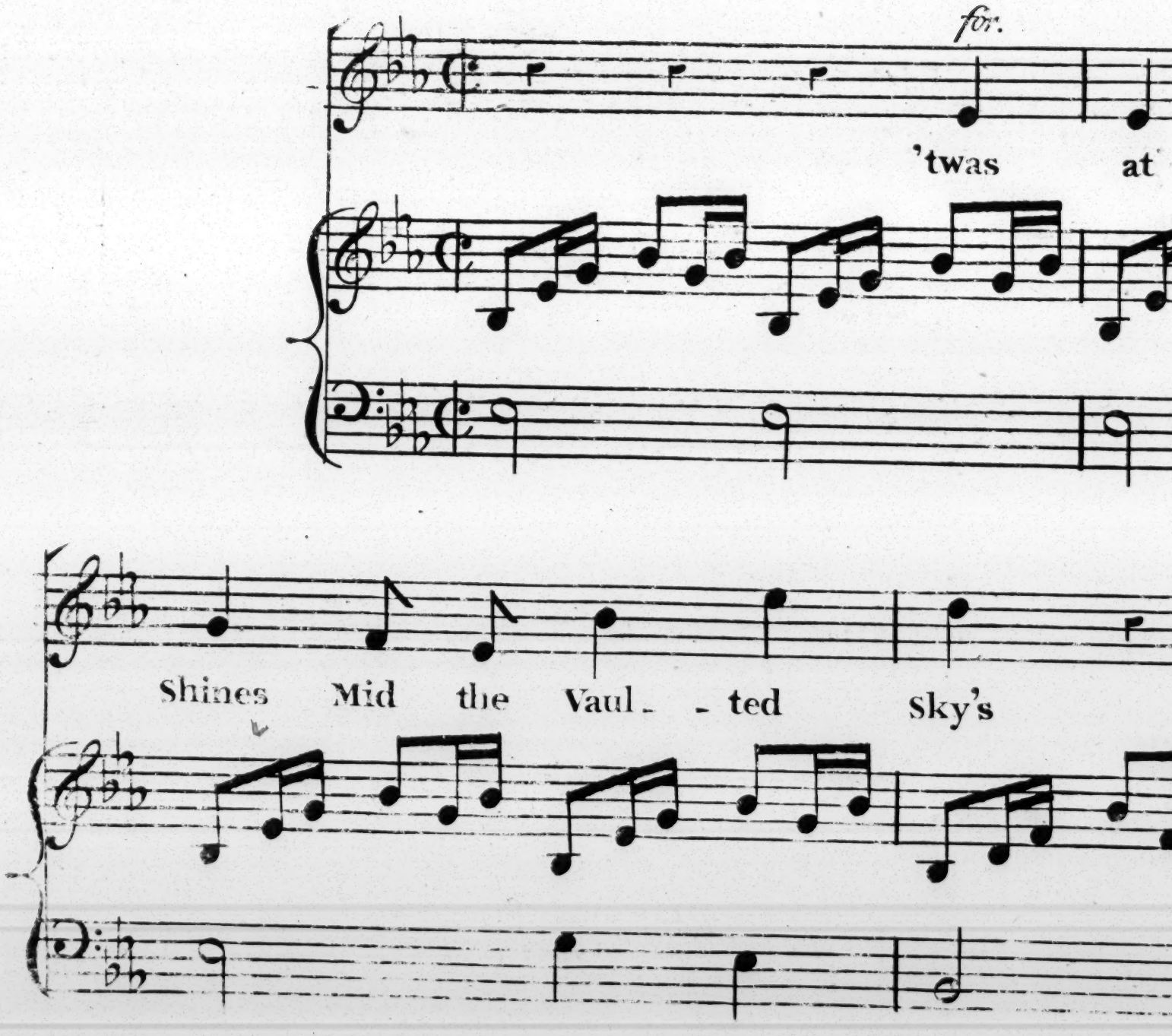
trust me they soon will be o'er.

sor_rows too deep_ly de_plore since death can those

soon will be o'er - - - - - - - - - - ah

A BA

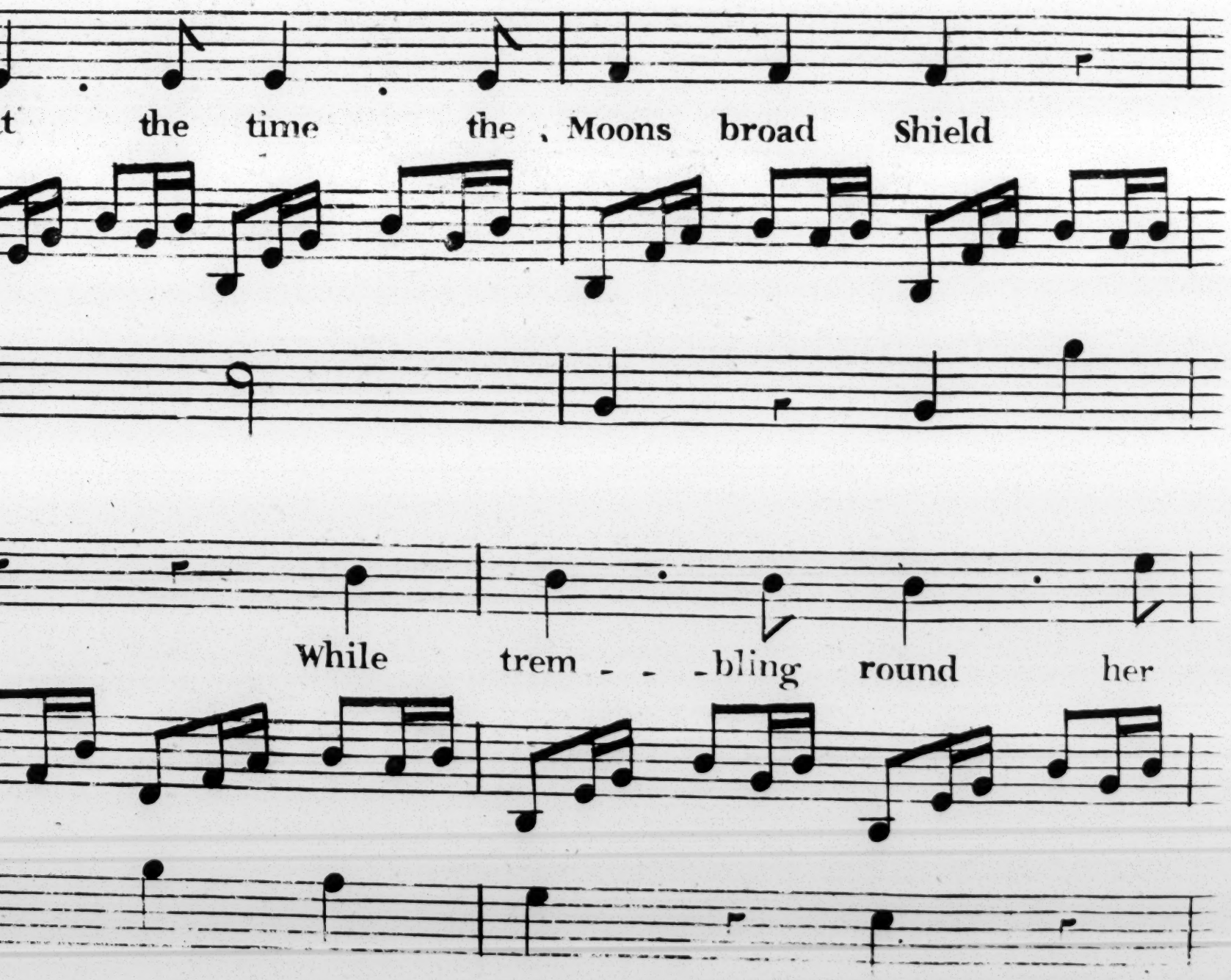
of the Eighte

Words by

(71)

ALLAD

Harriett Abrams

ecenth Century,

by Mr.s Hunter.

re- - - gal State, the Star- ry My

o'er the Gate, where Sculp- - - - tu

Mop'ing Me- - lan- - cho- - ly Scowls up- -

hr

Myri - ads rise, her pale beams Sil - - - ver'd

ad lib.m

- tur'd Fren - - zy Glares . And

hr

- on a World of Cares .

ANDANTE

From the dark Ce

And dire dis- -trac - tion bides A

thro' the Por- -tal glides.

Cells Where hor- - ror reigns,

fia.

A hap-less Maniac burst her chains - - And

loose Were her robes.

And - - on - - her - Breast.

3

dew. She felt it Not

Cold blew the Winds

Chill drop'd the Mid- -night

pia.

Cold blew the Winds .

fr

the Winds un- - heed- - ed blew . —

fm.

Thro' light - - ed Halls of gay

bands - She pass'd re - sist - - le

- - fore the Ban - - - quet Stands.

re - sort . thro' trim do - mestick

ess And at once - - - - - - be - -

O - - - - - - - Most un - -

look'd - - for at - - - - that

pia.

guest Cold is for thee

the Mar - - ble heart that

t board And most unwel- come

Cold is for thee .

rob'd thee of thy rest .

And do you weep? I can-not

p

=kind that gentle pi - - ty

sooth my trou - bled mind, Bu

t weep frown not nor look un=

sheds her balm - - - - - to

But stop! Me - - thinks yon

dis - - - - - tant bell .

- tend .

a tempo

Where the last

hope

Marks out a kind -

for. *pia.* ad lib:

Now warns me to at - tend, to at -

st gleam. of part - - ing

br

- er friend.